

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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Pandy Peppermint.

THE STORY OF A CALF.

BY MARTHA B. THOMAS.

TO begin with, there was something quite wrong with Pandy's legs; they were too long. And besides being too long, they were limp. And besides being limp, they would not hold him up when he tried to walk. They trembled and shook in a very bad way, and first thing he knew, down he would flop all in a heap. Poor little Pandy Peppermint!

His last name was Peppermint because all over his white body were red spots as big as peppermint drops. His first name was Pandy because it sounded well with Peppermint. And Pandy Peppermint belonged to Tommy Todd.

"If you can raise him, you can have him," said Tommy's father, "I guess you can have him anyway," he added. And after that, the busy farmer paid little attention to the knock-kneed little Pandy.

So Tommy took great care of his calf. At first he had to be fed from a basin of warm milk, because he could not stand up long enough to get it from his mother, like other calves. Then the boy would help him to wobble outdoors where he could lie in the sunshine. Sometimes it was a pretty hard tug, for Pandy weighed a good deal for a little boy to manage. Tommy had to lift him and set him on his feet many times, to start him going.

Every year there was a country fair to which Tommy and his father and mother went. At the fair were cattle and horses and sheep and pigs and hens, the finest that the countryside could raise. And for the best, each of its kind, there was a prize of five dollars. Pandy was born in April, the fair did not come until October, so Tommy had five months in which to try making him a prize calf. For this was just what was going on in that boy's head. Had Tommy's father known what was in his mind he would have laughed very hard. Pandy at a fair? Why, they would not even enter him. And as for a prize,—ha, ha, ha! Oh, Tommy knew exactly how his father would throw back his head and shout. So the boy kept his precious hopes to himself.

By May, Pandy was running about the lots and kicking up his heels with the best of them. Even if he was a little smaller than the other calves, he was twice as clever. His coat shone like silk. Never was a calf more carefully tended. Tommy brushed him and rubbed him and talked to him by the hour. He grew so gentle that he followed his master about like a dog; they were always together from the minute Tommy ran home from school.

"That calf does everything," laughed Mrs. Todd, "but come to the table." This was one morning when she found him drinking out of the cat's dish behind the kitchen stove. Tommy's father teased him a good deal, but the little boy took it all with a cheerful grin and said nothing.



"His last name was Peppermint because all over his white body were spots as big as peppermint drops."

Pandy was the best calf in two counties. He'd show 'em!

"Please grow as fast as you can," Tommy would whisper into his red silky ears. And it did seem as though the calf did his best, for in June he was so sleek and fat that some passing cattlemen offered to buy him. "No, sir," said Tommy stoutly. "He's mine and I'm going to keep him." And keep him he did.

July found Pandy bigger, fatter, and more full of pranks than ever; sometimes he would almost knock Tommy down with affection. He pulled at his jacket, poked his wet nose under his elbow, and shook his mischievous head as though he were going to charge straight for him. Tommy grew prouder and prouder and had great hopes of winning at the fair.

One hot night in August, when the Todds were eating their supper, Mr. Todd said quietly, "I have been asked to be one of the judges at the fair this year, so I'm not going to enter any cattle."

Tommy's poor little heart slid way down into his boots! Not enter any cattle? Why, that meant he could not send Pandy after all! The more he thought about it, the worse he felt. He could scarcely finish his supper. His throat would not swallow the mouthfuls he took, and his eyes smarted with tears. But he managed to say to his father, "Couldn't you enter some if you wanted to?"

Mr. Todd was busy eating his favorite cake, so he did not notice Tommy's choky voice.

"Yes, I presume I could if I cared to take the trouble. But people always think you favor your own beasts."

So that was the trouble. You could not enter your own cattle when you were

one of the judges, because folks might think you "favored your own beasts."

After Tommy had gone to bed that night, he thought and thought. Pandy must go to the fair. He did not dare to say anything to his father now; he had not the courage, after waiting all these months. Suddenly an idea came to him. If he could enter the calf without his father's knowing, then Pandy would have a fair chance and no one could say anything. For how could his father favor "his own beast" when he did not even know it was there, or his? Only he must think up some way to get Pandy there first. Perhaps his mother would help. She had always been jolly about boosting a fellow out of scrapes. Tommy had no wish to be deceitful; that never entered his scheming little head. Besides, his mother would know all about it, and help him to explain if he needed to. Pandy must go to the fair. Pandy must go to the fair. Pandy—Tommy fell fast asleep.

At last came the long-looked-for day in October. The Todds were bustling around early, for the grounds were ten miles away in the next township. How Tommy gobbled down his breakfast! And how he shined his shoes and wiped the breakfast dishes for his mother! You never saw such an excited boy. His mother smiled at him and hoped just as hard that their plans would go right.

"I have not seen Pandy around the lots for a couple of days," said Mr. Todd, going out to the barn, "but I suppose you know where he is, Tommy."

"Oh, yes," said Tommy, "I just put him somewhere else for a few days." Then when his father was out of sight he

laughed gleefully with his mother. It was such fun sharing a secret this way.

By ten o'clock the family were driving into North Town where the fair was held. What a cloud of dust! What quantities of people! What a shouting and calling! What a neighing and mooing and cackling and grunting and barking! Everything that had a voice was using it as loudly as possible. Tommy could hardly wait to jump out of the wagon. "Seems to me you're in a great fret of a hurry over something," said Mr. Todd, when Tommy had cleared the wheels and landed with a thump on the ground. But the boy only looked at his mother.

The judging of cattle came right away, so the Todds walked quickly to the place where they were waiting. Tommy's heart almost smothered him. He took his mother's hand and pulled her along like an impatient little tugboat.

First came the shiny-horned, soft-eyed cows. It seemed ages and ages that the judges argued and talked and fussed over those old cows. Tommy could not keep his eyes from the end of the shed where the calves were. Finally the last cow was judged and the men turned to the calves.

"Nice-looking lot of young stock," said Mr. Todd. "I did not bother with any this year. Besides, I was a judge, and that's bound to make trouble. The only one worth sending was Pandy, anyway," and he laughed, winking his eye at Tommy as though it was the best joke in the world. But somebody else winked his eye at Tommy,—a big, bluff man with a red moustache. This man was a judge also.

Slowly, very slowly they moved down the line. There were white calves and brown calves and black calves and buff calves, calves with white stars on their foreheads and calves without. But there was only one white fellow with red peppermint spots on him.

"Looks almost like our Pandy," muttered Mr. Todd. Tommy's heart stood still. "But," added his father, "I guess the real Pandy would not have a ghost of a show with this fat youngster."

How careful they all were! How they squinted and screwed up their eyes, as if they could decide better that way. Tommy thought they never, never would agree which was the best calf.

"This buff one is the best," said one of the men.

"This black one looks the finest to me," said another, and they fell again into deep thinking.

But Mr. Todd's opinion was held very high, and when he went to the white-and-red calf, they all waited to see what he might say. And the big, bluff man with the red moustache stepped up close, too.

"Somebody's spent a lot of time raising this youngster," remarked Tommy's father. Then he looked into the mouth of the calf, felt of his legs, rubbed his head, thought hard for a minute, then said, "Who entered this calf?"

"Somebody from Grassy Corners. A new name here," answered the big man quickly.

"We-el," hesitated Mr. Todd, "I don't know what you others think, but this seems by far the best calf here to me. What do you say?"

They all had a great deal to say, but in the end the white-and-red calf had a blue ribbon tied around its neck.

Tommy was speechless with joy and relief. He could do nothing but squeeze his mother's hand and look shyly at the big, bluff man. It was this same big man with the red moustache who read off the names of the prize-winners to the waiting crowds.

"... And lastly goes a prize of five dollars to Tommy Todd of Grassy Corners, owner of Pandy Peppermint!" he shouted. "If any one here makes objections, let me say that Mr. Todd had no idea that the calf was entered, and did not recognize it when he saw it. It was Tommy Todd's own calf and I helped him get it here."

A great hurrahing rose, and Tommy had to hide his burning, happy face behind his mother.

"Well, young man!" said a voice which tried to be stern. "Well, young man!" But that's as far as it got, for suddenly Tommy found himself swung up to his father's shoulders.

"Here's the future prize-winner and raiser of the State!" announced Mr. Todd, and everybody gave three cheers.

The First Bluebird.

BY EDNA S. KNAPP.

RAIN-DROPS slanting down the pane,
Gray skies drooping low,
Sodden fields lie hopeless there
Edged by winter's snow.

Naked trees stand shivering,
Road's a muddy stream,
Round the corners wails the wind.
Spring's a far-off dream!

Flash of blue in the pear-tree,
Gay song from the bough,—
O ruddy-breasted singer,
Great magician thou!

Nature drops her dingy veil,
Hope leaps fresh and strong,
Bursting bud and blooming bough
All were in that song.

Aunt Helen's Sewing-Basket.

BY ROSE BROOKS.

"BUT I can't make new clothes for Phyllis unless we go down town and get some muslin and lace and ribbon, Aunt Helen," objected Marjorie, one wet afternoon, when she and Aunt Helen were planning to sew before the cheery open fire. Though she was eleven, Marjorie still loved her dolls, and yellow-curl Phyllis needed new clothes sadly.

"Surely we can find something to make Phyllis a beautiful dress—I'm sure we can," said Aunt Helen. "Are there no such things in this house as rag-bags and button-strings?"

"Why, yes, there's a rag-bag," admitted Marjorie, "but there's never enough of anything you want in a rag-bag. And a button-string! There's a lovely button-string up attic. How did you happen to think of it?"

"Some things are in most attics," answered Aunt Helen. "Fly up and get it while I empty the rag-bag on my bed."

In two minutes, down the attic stairs clattered Marjorie, holding a long string of buttons of many sizes and colors. "Here are six of the cunningest blue glass

buttons all in a row, here in the middle of the string!" she said.

"Of course," agreed Aunt Helen. "I quite expected them. They were waiting to go on this blue dotted dimity. Not enough of it? There's plenty, my dear, if we use our brains, and that's what brains are for."

"And who ever saw such weeny brass buttons?" Marjorie went on excitedly, slipping the string through her fingers.

"To be sure," said Aunt Helen, gravely. "Just precisely what we need for this dark blue military cape that will keep Phyllis warm on the snowiest day."

"Mother said those pieces were too good to throw away," recalled Marjorie.

"And mother is usually right," said Aunt Helen, as they gathered up pieces, buttons, and sewing-baskets and went downstairs to the crackling fire.

"A story?" asked Aunt Helen, when both cape and dress had been cut out. "I said there was a story about my work-basket. Yes, there is."

"Is it a California story?" asked Marjorie.

"It's a California Indian basket," said Aunt Helen. "Suppose I tell you the story, then perhaps you can tell me whether it's a California story or an anywhere-story."

"I will," promised Marjorie, who always felt she was playing an interesting game with Aunt Helen. "Begin."

"Once upon a time," began Aunt Helen, "some brown-skinned Indians with long straight black hair lived on a pine-covered mountain in California and from the openings of their tepees they looked down at sunrise on a glistening silver river in a canyon a thousand feet below."

"Oh!" breathed Marjorie, feeling herself there. "Some day will you take me there?"

"Some day I'd like to," said Aunt Helen. "The Indian men hunted and trapped and the Indian women—squaws, they're called—gathered acorns and made baskets,—flat tray-like baskets to pound acorns in, and round baskets, like mine, to make soup in."

"Baskets to make soup in!" gasped Marjorie. "But they'd burn over the fire!"

"Baskets to make soup in," repeated Aunt Helen. "And they didn't put them over the fire to burn up; they heated stones in the fire and put those in the baskets to heat the acorn soup."

"Why didn't they go to the store and buy kettles?" asked Marjorie. "Easier, I should say."

"There weren't any stores; and even had there been, the Indians had no money," went on Aunt Helen. "Indians are independent of everything except whatever happens to be at hand."

"Oh!" said Marjorie, and for some reason a picture of the rag-bag and the button-string flashed through her mind. "But their clothes don't grow on trees!" she laughed.

"The squaws made clothes out of the skins of the animals the men shot," said Aunt Helen. "They tan the hides, too. But we were talking about acorn soup."

"Let me look at your basket, Aunt Helen," said Marjorie, jumping up. "I never noticed it much before. 'Course I knew it was a brown basket with black stars on it, but it's old-brown, isn't it? It isn't new-brown a bit!"

"It was no-brown-at-all when I carried it out of the Indian camp on the end of a ten-foot pole," laughed Aunt Helen. "It was plastered inside and out with pasty acorn soup, not a black star to be seen, but I saw it was unbroken, so home I rode with it; pop into a wash boiler it went,—and now you see."

"This very basket!" Marjorie's eyes were incredulous. "Why, it's lovely!"

"I think it's lovely," said Aunt Helen. "The stars? Indians love to weave into their designs the things they see out of doors every day."

"Even if you could weave," said Marjorie, "where would you go to buy materials like this,—brown and black? It isn't raffia. What is it, Aunt Helen?"

"Where do you think the Indians went?" asked Aunt Helen. "Did they go hunting through city shops, do you think, goosey? Down the trail to the silver river they went, and along its banks they cut the river willows, long pliant shoots. When they climbed the homeward trail again they carried bundles of the shoots, stripped of leaves, in the flat baskets which they make to fit their backs."

"And they strip off the bark?" asked Marjorie. "They're smooth."

"They strip the shoots, which turn brown in time, and, sitting under the pine-trees, they patiently weave their baskets."

"But the black stars?" demanded Marjorie. "What do they use to make the black stars?"

"What color is the stem of a maiden-hair fern?" Aunt Helen asked a question instead of answering one.

"Black!" exclaimed Marjorie. "You don't mean"—

"Of course I do," said Aunt Helen, evenly. "Along that same river grow masses of waving maiden-hair ferns, their stems all ready to be woven into arrows and stars and many other symbols."

"Well!" said Marjorie, marveling, and turning the basket in careful hands. "Do they always use willow shoots and maiden-hair ferns, Aunt Helen?"

"Mercy me, no!" said Aunt Helen. "Sometimes cedar roots, sometimes swamp rushes, if the Indians live near the coast. Indians live in very different places, you know, and all Indians make baskets. They use whatever is at hand, and Indians know there is always something at hand. How do you like Phyllis's cape?" Aunt Helen held it up and looked at it critically.

"I see," said Marjorie, slowly, though her attention was not on the cape. "I truly do see. Phyllis's cape? It's perfect! It's much perfecter than if we'd gone down town."

"Her dress that you are making is perfect, too," laughed Aunt Helen. "We've been pretty good Indians ourselves, haven't we?"

"It wasn't a California story," was Marjorie's verdict as one finger traced the outline of one of the black stars. "It was an anywhere story, wasn't it, Aunt Helen?"

So simple is the earth we tread,

So quick with love and life her frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

American Farmers Give 50,000,000 Bushels of Corn to Starving Europe.

BY C. F. FLEMING.



CARL S. VROOMAN.

When President J. R. Howard of the American Farm Bureau Federation appealed to a group of two hundred farmers assembled at the annual session of the Illinois Agricultural Association at Chicago with the words, "Let us market our surplus corn crop in Relief and take our pay in Love," there was a stampede to be first on the floor. To a man every farmer contributed his share of corn, and when the news spread to the neighboring States by wire, they too fell in line, till to-day thirty-two States have joined the movement. It is the finest act of charity on a large scale in the history of the country.

Herbert Hoover has accepted the corn for distribution in Central Europe, and some of it will go to China and to Poland and Armenia where starvation faces the people.

"An Introduction of Two Persons."

UNDER this caption, in an introduction to "The Americanization of Edward Bok," Mr. Bok presents a picture of the life of his grandparents which is so interesting and inspiring that we have asked the publishers of the book to allow us to reprint it in part. We feel sure that all who read this extract will wish to read the complete introduction and the book itself. It is full of interest for all Americans. The story is as follows:

"Along an island in the North Sea, five miles from the Dutch Coast, stretches a dangerous ledge of rocks that has proved the graveyard of many a vessel sailing that turbulent sea. On this island once lived a group of men who, as each vessel was wrecked, looted the vessel and murdered those of the crew who reached shore. The government of the Netherlands decided to exterminate the island pirates, and for the job King William selected a young lawyer at The Hague.

'I want you to clean up that island,' was the royal order. It was a formidable job for a young man of twenty-odd years. By royal proclamation he was made mayor of the island, and within a year, a court of law being established, the young attorney was appointed judge; and in that dual capacity he 'cleaned up' the island.

"The young man now decided to settle on the island, and began to look around

THROUGH-OUT the Corn Belt of the United States hundreds of cars of corn are speeding toward Eastern and Southern ports, a gift of fifty million bushels donated by American farmers to the starving peoples of Central Europe and Eastern Asia.

Three great railroad trunk lines have agreed to haul the corn free of charge to the coast, and the railway crews have volunteered their services without pay.

Carl S. Vrooman, former Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, now a resident of Bloomington, Ill., has been placed in charge of assembling the corn. He is negotiating for the use of part of the emergency fleet of wooden ships built during the war and now riding idly at anchor in many harbors to carry corn across the seas. Discharged sailors and soldiers are volunteering to man the ships without pay.



PRESIDENT HOWARD ON HIS IOWA FARM.

for a home. It was a grim place, barren of tree or living green of any kind; it was as if a man had been exiled to Siberia. Still, argued the young mayor, an ugly place is ugly only because it is not beautiful. And beautiful he determined this island should be.

"One day the young mayor-judge called together his council. 'We must have trees,' he said; 'we can make this island a spot of beauty if we will!' But the practical seafaring men demurred; the little money they had was needed for matters far more urgent than trees.

"Very well' was the mayor's decision,—and little they guessed what the words were destined to mean,—'I will do it myself.' And that year he planted one hundred trees, the first the island had ever seen.

"Too cold," said the islanders; 'the severe north winds and storms will kill them all.'

"Then I will plant more," said the unperturbed mayor. And for the fifty years that he lived on the island he did so. He planted trees each year; and, moreover, he had deeded to the island government land which he turned into public squares and parks, and where each spring he set out shrubs and plants.

"Moistened by the salt mist the trees did not wither, but grew prodigiously. In all that expanse of turbulent sea—and only those who have seen the North Sea in a storm know how turbulent it can be—



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

ROCKLAND, MASS.

My dear Miss Buck,—I am already a member of the Beacon Club, but I thought I would like to write again. I think printing the letters in *The Beacon* a very good plan, as it helps to draw the girls and boys all over the country nearer together. I have two very good correspondents who saw my name in *The Beacon*.

I am sixteen years of age and go to Sunday school in Norwell. We are having a Red and Blue contest at our Sunday school. I am a Blue and I am sorry to say our side is being beaten by the Reds.

I would like to have a girl write to me. I should like one who lives out West, as I love the West very much.

I am

Sincerely yours,

HELEN HEREDEN.

NORTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I should like very much to join the Beacon Club and to wear the button. I am fourteen years old. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school here in Norton, about one mile from my home. I am the librarian.

there was not a foot of ground on which the birds, storm-driven across the water-waste, could rest in their flight. Hundreds of dead birds often covered the surface of the sea. Then one day the trees had grown tall enough to look over the sea, and, spent and driven, the first birds came and rested in their leafy shelter. And others came and found protection, and gave their gratitude vent in song. Within a few years so many birds had discovered the trees in this new island home that they attracted the attention not only of the native islanders but also of the people on the shore five miles distant, and the island became famous as the home of the rarest and most beautiful birds. So grateful were the birds for their resting-place that they chose one end of the island as a special spot for the laying of their eggs and the raising of their young, and they fairly peopled it. It was not long before ornithologists from various parts of the world came to 'Egg-land' as the farthestmost point of the island come to be known, to see the marvellous sight, not of thousands but of hundreds of thousands of bird-eggs.

A pair of storm-driven nightingales had now found the island and mated there; their wonderful notes thrilled even the souls of the natives; and as dusk fell upon the seabound strip of land the women and children would come to 'the square' and listen to the evening notes of the birds of golden song. The two nightingales soon grew into a colony, and within a few years so rich was the island in its nightingales that over to the Dutch coast and throughout the land and into other countries spread the fame of 'The Island of Nightingales.'

"Meantime, the young mayor-judge, grown to manhood, had kept on planting trees each year, setting out his shrubbery

I have to pass out the song-books and have to take up the collection in church and Sunday-school every Sunday. I pass out your *Beacon*. I like your enigma puzzles.

Yours truly,

RALPH CLAPP.

101 ROBINWOOD AVENUE,
JAMAICA PLAIN (BOSTON), MASS.

My dear Miss Buck,—I am eight years old and am in the fourth class in school. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Jamaica Plain. Mr. Fairley is our minister. I would like to wear the Beacon button and be a member of the Beacon Club. I like the *Beacon* stories very much.

Your little reader,

CORNELIA WILLIAMS.

New members in Massachusetts are Catherine Twombly, Arlington; Lillian Pilling, Athol; Mattie A. Sturgis, Barnstable; Earl and Leavitt Howard, Hingham Center; Charlotte P. Hopkins, Hudson; Jean Adams and Dolly Rittenhouse, Jamaica Plain; Betty Grover and Janet Ingalls, Lynn; Anna S. Bourne, Milton; Winnie R. Witherell, Norton; Joseph Smythe, South Easton; Esther Goldthwaite, Uxbridge.

and plants, until their verdure now beautifully shaded the quaint, narrow lanes, and transformed into cool wooded roads what once had been only barren sun-baked wastes. Artists began to hear of the place and brought their canvases, and on the walls of hundreds of homes throughout the world hang to-day bits of the beautiful lanes and wooded spots of 'The Island of Nightingales.' The American artist William M. Chase took his pupils there almost annually. 'In all the world to-day,' he declared to his students, as they exclaimed at the natural cool restfulness of the island, 'there is no more beautiful place.'

"The trees are now majestic in their height of forty or more feet, for it is nearly a hundred years since the young attorney went to the island and planted the first tree; to-day the churchyard where he lies is a bower of cool green, with the trees that he planted dropping their moisture on the lichen-covered stone on his grave.

"This much did one man do. But he did more.

"One day when his children had grown to man's and woman's estate the mother called them all together and said to them, 'I want to tell you the story of your father and of this island,' and she told them the simple story that is written here.

"And now," she said, 'as you go out into the world I want each of you to take with you the spirit of your father's work, and each in your own way and place, to do as he has done; make you the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have been in it.'

From "The Americanization
of Edward Bok."

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RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LII.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, is an article.
My 7, 6, 5, is a linear measure.
My 14, 15, 16, 14, 15, 17, is a kind of cloth.
My 16, 10, 11, 12, 13, is not tight.
My 9, 8, 5, is a color.
My 4 is a vowel.
My whole is a well-known man.

W. P. H.

ENIGMA LIII.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 3, 1, 4, 5, is a thin strip of wood.
My 11, 2, 6, 9, 10, 6, 13, is slight.
My 7, 16, 17, is a peril to civilized life.
My 16, 17, 12, 19, is part of a bridge.
My 8, 18, 14, is slippery.
My 15, 1, 14, is one of the months.
My whole is a line from a poem.

J. M. W.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

1. What town in England is one of the Presidents of the United States?
2. What town in New Jersey is a fruit?
3. What county in Pennsylvania is an author?
4. What town in Pennsylvania is a breakfast food?
5. What county in Virginia is a general?

K. L. C.

TWISTED COUNTIES OF MASSACHUSETTS.

1. Ebelsatnrb.
2. Ksedu.
3. Xsese.
4. Lokuffs.
5. Restecorv.
6. Muhtypl.
7. Lsitrbo.
8. Ndempah.
9. Ronklof.
10. Irephsmah.

BRADFORD GALE.

PI.

Terasf tnha selriaf, asfret tanh cehtsiw,
Digsreb dan suohes, degheh adn sehted;
Gingrach galon kile ropost ni a talebt.
Dna roughth'hte deamows eth besors nda catlet;
Lal fo teh stighs fo het lhl dan painl
Lyf sa hitck sa rlvding ahr;
Nad reve gaina, ni eht inkw fo na yee,
Paindet stalonts hwstle yb.

Sunday School Advocate.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 23.

ENIGMA XLVIII.—New York City.
ENIGMA XLIV.—Boston Advertiser.
MISSING ANIMALS.—Ape, camel, ermine, goat, lamb, beaver, bear, llama, sable.
GIRLS' NAMES.—1. Belle. 2. May. 3. Annette (a net). 4. Rose and Lily. 5. Bouncing Bet and Black-eyed Susan. 6. Carrie.

THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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